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my new york

BY MEL HEIMER

CPYRGHT

He has a new one, *The Dragon's Teeth*, which just may be on the New York schedule this fall—but Herb will believe it when he sees it. "Sometimes," he says philosophically, "Broadway seems just too far away." Meanwhile, he's got a cake in the oven.



Mel Heimer

No sidewalk
cafe fan, he!

NEW YORK—I am a-grin today at the news that the St. Moritz's sidewalk cafe is open for its 28th season and that once more the tourists and natives are tucked in at the little white tables under the red-white-and-blue awning, watching the race of man go by.

There are very few things in Manhattan that seem so cockeyed to me as the New Yorker dining *al fresco*. It is fine for the family in Lansing, Mich., with the barbecue pit and the patio behind the old mansion, and it even is not so bad out in Long Island, where the Forest Hills inn has a sidewalk cafe, marred only by the frequent presence of tennis players. The air is clean and gentle, the trees shiver softly and there is an air of relaxation and a sense of the eternal fitness of things.

However, in the heart of New York? The streets are noisy. The air is the most polluted. The wind comes up from Hoboken across the bay. And on still, stifling days, the heat beats in like waves. The New Yorker who on a typical summer day does not make tracks into the nearest dark, air-conditioned, quiet saloon is out of his little mind.

As usual, I probably am wrong and everyone else is right. A quarter of a million persons have patronized the St. Moritz cafe in 27 years and now the word is that Huntington Hartford is setting up a similar layout in Central park.

I guess everybody thinks they are in Paris, being pretty hanged continental and sipping *apertifs* on the Champs while the girls in their summer dresses go by. I suppose if I tried hard I could go along with it, except I'd want a doctor nearby to help keep the cinders out of my eye.

I WONDER WHAT KANE LYNN is doing for a buck these days.

Lynn is a midwesterner who in World War II won the DFC as a naval carrier pilot and later was directly under the secretary of the Navy as the officer in charge of movies and television. Not too long ago he decided to go in for TV producing. He signed actor Tpd Andrews as a star and made 13 films of a series called *Counterthrust*—a running story of the adventures of a mythical CIA representative in the Far East. One of the shows dealt with a plane doing surveillance and espionage work over a cold-war enemy country.

Then along came the U-2 incident over Russia.

What I mean, Jack, is like to whom does Kane Lynn now yell "plagiarism?" Nikita? And when he shows the pictures to ad agency execs, does he begin his little pitch by saying, "Now, you MUST believe me. This TV film was made long before that thing happened in . . .?"

ONE OF THE BIG FLOUB COMPANIES runs this annual baking contest, see—and I was interested to learn the other day that a cake called "Man's Delight" had been entered by Herbert Cobey.

Baking is Cobey's avocation. Along the big drag, he is known as the faraway playwright of our time. Currently one of his plays, *The Journey of Life*, is playing the Teatro del Granero in Mexico City, and of his other four plays one about the Irish revolution was presented. He's got a book about Ireland put on in summer stock.

FOLK SINGERS PER SE INTRIGUE ME NOT AT ALL—when the guitarist in the slacks and open shirt says modestly, "This here is a little song about a man plowing a field, see," I just look the other way—but at the Waldorf's Empire Room currently is a woman called Miriam Makeba.

Miss Makeba is a South African who sings in South African and I don't know what the devil she's singing about—but she has a purity of tone that should make Bing of the Metropolitan sit up and listen. The human voice is far from a perfect instrument, but little Miriam comes close. Visiting firemen are advised to look in on her.

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